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A COLLECTION of Celebrated SONGS.

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of

SONGS.

MIRTH AND GLEE;

OR,

The Songster's Favourite.

A Selection of the most Admired

S O N G S

That have been Sung at the *Theatres*, *Vauxhall*, *Ranelaugh*, *&c.*

Including some Favourite Ones not in any other COLLECTION.

The Whole forming a pleasing Variety of

LOVE,
HUNTING,
WAR,

HARVEST,
BACCANALIAN,
HUMOUROUS, *&c.*

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MIRTH AND GLEE;

OR,

The Songſter's Favourite, &c.

SONG,

By Mrs. Wrighten, in Comus.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy cell,
By ſlow Mæander's margin green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale,
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well.
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
Oh! if you have
Hid them in ſome flowry cave,
Tell me but where;
Sweet queen of Parley, daughter of the ſphere,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

SONG.

PLATO's Advice.

SAYS *Plato*, why ſhould man be vain?
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair:
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burden'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction lye.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
When ſhot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again:
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,—
Let friendſhip reign, while here we ſtay:
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

SONG.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came on board,
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The rope ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands,

So the ſweet lark high-pois'd in air
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt——
The nobleſt captain in the *Britiſh* fleet,
Might envy *William*'s lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan! Suſan!* lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find;

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thine eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is *Afric*'s ſpicy gale;
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn:
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſoms ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head;
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cry'd and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG.

The Madrigal, *the Words by Mr.* Garrick.

FOR me, my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft ſhe kiſs'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave ſweetneſs to the ſweet.

Her breath, &c.

A bee within a damaſk roſe,
Had crept the nectar'd dew to ſip,
But leſſer ſweets the thief forgoes,
And fixes on Louiſa's lip.

There taſting all the bloom of ſpring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
Th' 'ungrateful ſpoiler left his ſting,
And with the honey fled away.

SONG,

Sung in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did ſorrow feel;
With joy I roſe to milk my cow,
Or take my ſpinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I ſung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool! the ſilly, ſilly fool,
Who truſts what man may be!
I wiſh I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Reinhold, *in* Love in a Village.

ODONS! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kiſs?
The greateſt and graveſt (a truce with grimace)
Wou'd do the ſame thing, where they in the ſame place.

No age, no profeſſion, no ſtation is free;
To ſovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, reſiſtleſs, no ſtrength can oppoſe;
We all love a pretty girl—under the roſe.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Dunſtall, *in* Love in a Village.

A Plague of theſe wenches! they make ſuch a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for ſomething or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
What thof he ſpeak 'em ne'er ſo fairly,
Still they keep teazing, teazing on,
You cannot perſuade 'em;
'Till promiſe you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They'll you—ad rot it!
Their character's blaſted, they'r ruin'd, undone:

And then, to be ſure, ſir,
There is but one cure, ſir,
And all their diſcourſe is of marriage.

SONG.

Cymon and Iphigenia. A Cantata.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whoſe deep embow'ring ſhade,
Seem'd moſt for love and contemplation made,
A cryſtal ſtream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whoſe flow'ry banks are form'd for ſoft repoſe:
Thither retir'd from Phœbus' ſultry ray,
And lull'd in ſleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was ſtumping to the neighb'ring grove:
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought:
But when he firſt beheld the ſleeping maid,
He gap'd—he ſtar'd! her lovely form ſurvey'd;
And while with artleſs voice he ſweetly ſung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The ſtream that glides in murmurs by,
Whoſe glaſſy boſom ſhews the ſky,
Completes the rural ſcene:

But in thy boſom, charming maid,
All heav'n itſelf is ſure diſplay'd,
Too lovely Iphigene!

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and ſtarts—poor Cymon trembling ſtands,
Down falls the ſtaff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence, ſaid he, diſpel all fear;
Where honour's preſent, ſure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent ſhe replies,
Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not riſe;
Thy honeſt heart no wrong can entertain;
Purſue thy way, and let me ſleep again.
The clown, tranſported, was not ſilent long,
But thus with ecſtacy purſu'd his ſong:

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careleſs break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;
Thy love-inſpiring mien;
Thy ſwelling boſom, ſkin of ſnow,
And taper ſhape, inchant me ſo,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, ſhe liſtens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inſpir'd with ſenſe;
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and ſtrait,
And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait;
Bids him be ſecret, and next day attend,
At the ſame hour to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead:
And nature's language ſureſt will ſucceed.

AIR.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a ſacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaſte deſire;
Love can rage itſelf controll,
And elevate, and elevate the human ſoul:
Depriv'd of that, our wretched ſtate,
Had made our lives of too long date:
But bleſt with beauty, and with love,
We taſte what angels do above, &c.

SONG.

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life,
That can bribe honeſt ſouls to endure it;
For the heart is perplex'd, and ſurrounded with care,
Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
And wiſely to purpoſe employ them;
He's a fool that refuſes ſuch bleſſings divine,
Whilſt vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine ſhall be old, bright and ſound, my dear Jack,
To heighten our am'rous fires;
Our girls plump and ſound ſhall kiſs with a ſmack,
And gratify all our deſires.

SONG,

Sung in Comus,

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymph deck'd with daiſies trim,
Their merry, merry, wakes and paſtimes keep;
What has night to do with ſleep?

Night has better ſweets to prove,
Venus awakes and wakens love;
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes ſin.

SONG.

"What a charming Thing's a Battle!"

WHAT a charming thing's a battle,
Trumpets ſounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,
Every heart with joy elating.
With what pleaſure are we ſpying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the ſmoaky air,
Heads and limbs and bullets flying!
Then the groans of ſoldiers dying;
Juſt like ſparrows as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop,
While the muſkets prittle prattle:

Kill'd

Kill'd and wounded,
Lie confounded;
What a charming thing's a battle!
But the pleaſant joke of all,
Is when to cloſe attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, ſtabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horſe and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's the word both men and cattle:
Then to plunder,
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle!

SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whiſtling ploughman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic note,
Loud ſings the blackbird thro' reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

AIR.

Away, to the corpſe lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds:
I'll warrant he ſhews us ſome play;
See, yonder he ſkulks thro' the grounds.

Then

Then ſpur your briſk courſers, and ſmoke 'em, my bloods:
'Tis a delicate ſcent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to thoſe of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth ſee he tries at in vain,
In cover no ſafety can find;
So he breaks it, and ſcours amain,
And leaves us a diſtance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we ſcorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he ſcarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His ſpeed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our ſtaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,
See his bruſh falls bemir'd forlorn;
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

SONG.

The Roaſt Beef of Old England.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
(Where ſaid deſpair and famine always dwells)

A

A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandſire's cook,
As home he ſteer'd his carcaſe, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd ſir-loin,
On which in vain he often wiſh'd to dine;
Good father Dominic by chance came by,
With roſy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who when he firſt beheld the greaſy load,
His benediction on it he beſtow'd;
And as the ſolid fat his fingers preſs'd,
He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight addreſs'd.

AIR.

(A lovely laſs to a friar came, &c.)

O rare roaſt beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dreſs'd and garniſh'd to my mind,
And ſwimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury ſave thee.

Renown'd ſir-loin, of times decreed,
The theme of Engliſh ballad;
On thee, e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taſte exceed
Soup-meagre, frog, and ſallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-ſtarv'd ſoldier, ſhirtleſs, pale, and lean,
Who ſuch a ſight before had never ſeen;
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping ſtood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the Britiſh food:

His

His morning's meſs forſook the (friendly bowl)
And in ſmall ſtreams along the pavement ſtole:
He heav'd a ſigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet)

Ah, ſacre Die! vat do I ſee yonder,
Dat look ſo tempting red and vite?
Begar it is de roaſt beef from Londree:
O! grant to me van letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies,
In kind compaſſion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feaſt my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
(Whoſe brazen front his country did betray)
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honeſt means to gain his daily bread;
Soon as the well known proſpect he deſcry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,

So

So taking thy ſight is,
My joy that ſo light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing.
Ah, hard hearted Loui!
Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have ſav'd me from ſtarving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney ſat,
Who fed his noſe, and ſcratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he eſpy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aſide:
With lifted hands he bleſs'd his native place,
Then ſcrubb'd himſelf, and thus bewail'd his caſe:

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was ſo blythe of late,
To ſee ſuch meat as can't be got,
When hunger is ſo great!

O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roaſted nice and brown;
I wiſh I had a ſlice of thee,
How ſweet it would gang down.

Ah,

Ah, Charley! hadſt thou not been ſeen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
E'er I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, ſee, my muſe to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty ſocially unite:
Where ſmiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known;
Tho' Britain's fame in loftieſt ſtrains ſhould ring,
In ruſtic fable give me leave to ſing.

AIR.

As once on a time, a young frog pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boaſted his ſize he could quickly attain.

O the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Then eagarly ſtretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who ſtood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, ſon, to attempt it your're ſurely to blame:

O the roaſt beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirſt;
An effort he ventur'd more ſtrong than the firſt,
Till ſwelling and ſtraining too hard, made him burſt:

O the roaſt beef, &c.

Then

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monſieur;
Whoſe puffs and bravadoes we need never fear:
O the roaſt beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To ſee the ſir-loin ſmoaking hot on our table;
The French may e'en burſt like the frog in the fable.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

SONG.

"Thy fatal Shafts unerring move."

THY fatal ſhafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar love;
I feel the ſoft reſiſtleſs flame,
Glide ſwift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze my boſom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of tranſport whelm my ſoul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In ſoothing numbers to complain;
My tongue ſome ſecret magic ties,
My murmurs ſink in broken ſighs.

Condemn'd to nurſe eternal care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

SONG,

SONG.

The Adieu.

ADIEU the verdant lawns and bow'rs,
Adieu, my peace is o'er;
Adieu the ſweeteſt ſhrubs and flow'rs,
Since Delia breathe no more.
Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,
Adieu ye ſtreams and floods;
Adieu ſweet echo's plaintive tales,
Adieu ye meads and woods.
Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care,
Adieu yon pleaſing plain;
Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair,
We ne'er ſhall meet again.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Reinhold, *in* Artaxerxes.

O Much lov'd ſon! if death
Has ſtol'n thy vital breath,
I'll ſhare thy hapleſs fate!
But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
A murther'd king at *Lethe*'s flood,
The tidings ſhall relate!

Bid *Charon* ceaſe from toil,
And reſt upon his oar,
Till I arrive t'attain the ſoil,
Where we ſhall part no more.

SONG.

SONG.

Fair Hebe.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious deſign,
To eſcape from her charms, and to drown 'm in wine:
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and ſtill love in my heart.
I repair'd to my Reaſon, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my caſe, and each circumſtance weigh'd,
Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my pray'r,
That *Hebe* was faireſt of all that was fair.
That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your council to find out a fault;
If that's all, quoth Reaſon, return as you came,
To find fault with *Hebe* would forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While like lightning ſhe darts thro' each throbbing vein,
My ſenſes confirms me a ſlave to her charms.

SONG.

"Amanda. *A favourite Ballad.*"

O Waft me, zephyr, give me eaſe,
Fan me with thy gentle breeze;
O bear me to ſome flow'ry bed,
Where Roſes all their odour ſhed.

Where

Where nature's ever bounteous hand,
Her endleſs treaſures doth expand;
There let me gain a ſweet repoſe,
And calm my ſoul in ſpite of woes.

Tho' thou, dear maid, be not my lot,
Yet ſhalt thou never be forgot;
I'll weave a chaplet ev'ry year,
And ſoothe deſpair with many a tear.
For ev'ry thought thy form ſhall bring,
On cruel recollection's wing;
Each flow'r, each beauty which I ſee,
AMANDA,—makes me think of Thee.

SONG.

The Mighty Bowl.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious ſoul;
Vaſt as my thirſt is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave;
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I deſign to bury't there.

Let it of ſilver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me;
Worthy to adorn the ſpheres,
As that bright cup amongſt the ſtars,

Fill me a bowl, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

The BEE.

A Buſy humble Bee am I,
That range the garden ſunny;
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
A while my rich junquile is,
Till, cloy'd with ſipping Nectar there,
I ſhift to roſy Phillis.

I ſhift, &c.

But Phillis's ſweet opening breaſt,
Remains not long my ſtation;
For Kitty muſt be now addreſs'd,
My ſpicy breath'd carnation.
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow'rs I'm rover;
And all in turns my love receives
The gay wide garden over.

The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges:
For as I am an arrant Bee,
Who range each bank that's ſunny,
Both fields and gardens are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

And ev'ry, &c.

SONG,

SONG.

Sung in the Regiſter-Office.

MY ſweet pretty Mog, you're as ſoft as a bog,
And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:
Thoſe eyes in your face—(O pity my caſe)
Poor Dermot hath ſmitten, poor Dermot hath ſmitten.
For ſofter than ſilk, and as fair as new milk,
Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:
Your ſhape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
You're ſtrait as a wand is, you're ſtrait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
As black as the devil, as black as the devil:
Your breath is as ſweet too as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville,
When dreſs'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddeſs,
So nimbly ſo friſky; ſo nimbly, ſo friſky;
A kiſs on your cheek ('tis ſo ſoft and ſo ſleek)
Would warm me like whiſky, would warm me like whiſky.

I grunt and I pine, and ſob like a ſwine,
Becauſe you're ſo cruel, becauſe you're ſo cruel;
No reſt can I take, and aſleep or awake
I dream of my jewel, I dream of jewel.
Your hate then give over, nor Dermot your lover,
So cruelly handle, ſo cruelly handle!
Or Dermot muſt die, like a pig in a ſtye,
Or ſnuff of a candle or ſnuff of a candle.

SONG,

Sung in Midas.

HE's as tight a lad to ſee to,
As e'er ſtepp'd in leather ſhoe;
And what's better, he loves me too,
And to him I'll prove true-blue.

Tho' my ſiſter caſts an hawk's eye;
I defy what ſhe can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I ſtole out to meet him;
He'll no doubt my ſteps purſue,
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him,
If he's falſe——I'll fit him too.

SONG.

HOURS OF LOVE.

Morning.

COME, come my fair one, let us ſtray,
And taſte the ſweet of early day;
Young health the roſy child of Morn,
With bluſhes ſhall thy cheeks adorn.

With bluſhes, &c.

Look, look abroad, behold 'tis day,
See on yon lawn the lambkins play;
Now ev'ry linnet of the grove,
Charms the liſt'ning ſwain to love.

Charms the, &c.

Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
Ariſe my fair, ariſe and prove,
The dear delights fond lovers know,
The beſt of bleſſings here below.

The beſt, &c.

Noon.

HUSH! every breeze, let nothing move,
My Delia ſings, and ſings of love;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat.

Huſh! every breeze, &c.

In the ſweet ſhade my Delia ſtay,
You'll ſcorch thoſe charms more ſweet than May;
The ſun now rages in his Noon,
'Tis pity, 'tis pity ſure to part ſo ſoon.

'Tis pity, &c.

Oh! hear me Delia, hear me now,
Incline propitious to my vow;
So may thy charms no changes prove,
But bloom for ever like my love.

But bloom, &c.

Evening.

NIGHT aſſumes her gloomy reign,
Now ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain;
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleaſure waits us there.

For peace, &c.

To

To ſome clear river's verdant ſide,
Do thou my happy footſteps guide,
In concert with the purling ſtream,
We'll ſing, and love ſhall be our theme.
In concert with, &c.

There loſt in extacies of joy,
While tend'reſt ſcenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the hours our loves begun,
The happy hour that made us one.
We'll bleſs the hour, &c.

Night.

NIGHT reigns around in ſleep's ſoft arms,
The village ſwain forgets his care;
Sleep that the ſting of ſorrows charms,
And heals all ſadneſs but deſpair.
Deſpair alone her power denies,
And when the ſun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach diſtracted flies,
Or cheerleſs thro' the deſart ſtrays.
Thro' the deſart ſtrays.

Wrapp'd in the ſolitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantaſtic crew,
Reſign'd I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the buſy world adieu.
The world has now no charms for me,
Nor can life now one pleaſure boaſt,
Since all my eyes deſir'd to ſee,
My wiſh, my hope, my all is loſt.

Muſt then each woman faithleſs prove,
And each found lover be undone;
Are vows no more almighty love,
The ſad remembrance let me ſhun,
Let her be bleſt with health and eaſe,
Which all your bounty has in ſtore;
Let ſorrow cloud my future days,
Be *Stella* bleſt, I aſk no more.

SONG.

Chloe's Kiſſes.

DEAR *Chloe*, come give me ſweet kiſſes,
For ſweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midſt of my bliſſes,
Do you aſk me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure,
Then prithee, dear *Chloe* be kind?
For ſince I love thee beyond meaſure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on *Hybla* are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that on *Tempé* are ſtraying,
Or the grain that rich *Sicily* yields;
Count how many ſtars are in heaven,
Go number the ſands on the ſhore,
And when ſo many kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be aſking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear *Chloe*, is thine;
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twiſt round thy neck like a vine:

What

What joy can be greater than this is!
My life on thy lips ſhall be ſpent:
But the wretch who can number his kiſſes
Will always with few be content.

SONG,

Sung in Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd;
In vain againſt merit and *Cymon* I ſtrove,
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love?

The froſt nips the bud, and the roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſtnip no raptures can flow;
Elyſium to him but a deſart will prove:
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love?

The ſpring ſhould be warm, the young ſeaſon be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithſome ſweet *May*;
Love bleſſes the cottage and ſings thro' the Grove,
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

What's Life, &c.

SONG.

BY the the gaily circling glaſs,
We can ſee our minutes paſs;

By the hollow caſk we're told
How the waning night grows old;
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you,
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

SONG,

Colin and Phillis.

Sung in Arcadian Nuptials.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumults we hear!
How gay all the nymphs and the ſhepherds appear!
With myrtles and roſes new deck'd are the bow'rs,
And ev'ry buſh bears a garland of flow'rs.
I can't, for my life, what it means underſtand:
There's ſome rural feſtival ſurely at hand;
Not harveſt, nor ſheep-ſheering, now can take place;
But *Phillis* will tell me the truth of the caſe.

Phillis *enters.*

PHILLIS.

The truth, honeſt lad?—why ſurely you know
What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
Where gallant young *Thyrſis*, ſo fam'd and ador'd,
Weds *Daphne*, the ſiſter of *Corin* our lord;
That *Daphne*, whoſe beauty, good-nature, and eaſe,
All fancies can ſtrike, and all judgments can pleaſe
That *Corin*—but praiſe muſt the matter give o'er
You know what he is—and I need ſay no more.

COLIN

COLIN.

Young *Thyrſis* too clams all that honour can lend,
His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,
Tho' ſuch ſlight memorials ſcarce ſpeak his deſerts;
And, truſt me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

COLIN.

But hence, to the Bridal, behold how they throng!
Each ſhepherd conducting his ſweetheart along:
The joyous occaſion all nature inſpires,
With tender affections and cheerful deſires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preſide,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and bride,
That beauty, and virtue, and valour may ſhine
In a race like themſelves, with no end to the line;
Let honour and glory, and riches and praiſe,
Unceaſing attend them thro' numerous days;
And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh! may they live eaſy as thoſe in a cot.

SONG.

A Hunting Song, *Sung at* Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to muſic that wakens the ſkies,
Quit the bondage of ſloth, and ariſe.

AIR.

From the eaſt breaks the morn,
See the ſun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains ſo high,
The wild, &c.
Shrilly opes the ſtaunch hound,
The ſteed neighs to the ſound,
And the floods and the vallies reply,
And the floods, &c.

Our forefathers ſo good
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood
By encount'ring the hart and the boars,
By encount'ring, &c.
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chaſe,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar,
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble decent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the boſom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's buſy day,
Man of man makes a pray,
Still let our's be the prey of the field,
Still let our's &c.

With the chace full in ſight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal ſenſations refine!
How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's loſt in ſomething divine,
And the man's &c.

Now to horſe, my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys,
That anon ſhall enliven the whole,
That anon, &c.

That at eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and pleaſures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.
And renew, &c.

SONG.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes!
Sound, ſound the trumpet, beat, beat the drum;
From port to port let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the Britiſh ſhore.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare;
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air:
From pole to pole your joys reſound,
For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

SONG,

Sung in the Confcious Lovers.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content;

Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain;
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But oh! how I'm bleſt, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are her charms!
Her embraces how joyful! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield;
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

SONG,

Sung by Miſs Catley, *in* Love in a Village.

IN love ſhould there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by faſhion or art,
Whoſe wiſhes are warm and ſincere,
Whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart.

If ought of ſubſtantial delight
On this ſide the ſtars can be found;
'Tis ſure, when that couple unite,
And *Cupid* by *Hymen* is crown'd.

SONG.

The PIDGEON.

WHY tarries my love,
Why tarries my love,
Why tarries my love from me;
Come hither my dove,
I'll write to my love,
And ſend him a letter by thee.
And ſend him, &c.

I'll tie it to thy leg,
I'll tie it to thy leg,
I'll tie it ſo faſt with a ſtring;
Ah not to my leg,
Fair lady I beg,
But faſten it under my wing.

It rain'd and it blew,
It rain'd and it blew,
And he flew, he flew, and he flew
'Till wet was his wing,
And painful the ſtring,
And heavy the letter it grew.

She drew o'er his neck,
She drew o'er his neck,
A bell and a collar ſo gay;
She tied to his wing,
The ſcroll with a ſtring,
And kiſs'd him, ſo ſent him away.

He flutter'd around,
'Till Colin he found,
And his poor little heart it did burn;
The ſhepherd went back,
But woe and alack,
The Pidgeon did never return.

SONG.

RONDO.

The Words by a Young Gentleman.

AS the birds on ev'ry ſpray,
Welcome the approach of day;
Or at gay return of ſpring,
As they ſweetly, ſweetly ſing,
As they ſweetly, &c.

So when Damon can beguile,
Cruel Flora of a ſmile,
Gladden'd he begins to ſing,
Flora kind, more ſweet than ſpring.

Cruel maid! why ſuch diſdain,
Is there joy in cauſing pain;
Love a kinder aſpect wear,
Frowns become not ſuch a fair.

Thus the ſwain his love beguil'd,
And ſhe kindly, kindly ſmil'd;
As the birds on ev'ry ſpray,
Welcome the approach of day;
Or at gay return of ſpring,
As they ſweetly, ſweetly ſing.
As they ſweetly, &c.

SONG,

Sung by Miſs Cateley, *in* Artaxerxes.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
Let hopes thy fears remove;
Preſerve thy faith and truth,
But never doubt my love.

SONG.

SONG,

Sung in CYMON.

YET awhile, ſweet ſleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to ſtra[illegible]
Quitting young the[illegible] neſt,
Find each bird a bird of p[illegible]
Sorrow knows not [illegible]here to reſt.

SONG,

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

ALL you who would wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you ſtand fooling, and ſhy, like an aſs,
You'll loſe her as ſure as a gun.

With whining, and ſighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you pleaſe you may run;
She'll here you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as ſure as a gun.

To worſhip, and call her bright goddeſs, is fine!
But, mark you the conſequence, mum;
The baggage will think herſelf really divine,
And ſcorn you, as ſure as a gun.

Then

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and ſtout,
And no opportunity ſhun:
She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out,
But mum—ſhe's as ſure as gun.

SONG.

The Spinning-Wheel.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Young Jockey to my cottage came,
And tho' I lik'd him paſſing weel,
I careleſs turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and ſmall:
Unuſual joy my heart did feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

Then round about my ſlender waiſt,
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my hand he down did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him riſe,
He bleſs'd my neck, my lips, and eyes:
My fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

'Till, bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thoughts I quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

At laſt when I began to chide,
He ſwore he meant me for his bride;
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my ſpinning-wheel.

SONG.

The NUN.

SURE a laſs in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er ſo diſtreſs'd as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But mother oft tells me, ſhe'll have me a Nun.
But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl ſuch as I,
Shou'd be ſentenc'd to pray, and to faſt, and to cry;
With ways ſo devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promiſe, and ſwear,
Is a thouſand times better, to me, I declare;
I can keep myſelf chaſte, nor by wiles be undone;
Nay, beſides I'm too handſome, I think, for a Nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear!
Nor yield to be ſent to——one cannot tell where;
To live or to die, in this caſe were all one;
Nay, I ſooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps but to teaze me, ſhe threatens me ſo,
I'm ſure were ſhe me, ſhe would ſtoutly ſay no:
But if ſhe's in earneſt, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in ſpite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

SONG.

SONG.

The Bonny Broom, *ſung at* Vauxhall.

HOW blithe was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I was with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
The fleecy flock ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we ſpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.

Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour:
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
Hard fare! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain,
That ever yet was born.

Oh! the broom, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

MAD TOM.

FORTH from my dark and diſmal cell,
Or from the dark abyſs of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppreſs my ſoul;
Hark! how the angry furies howl;
Pluto laughs, and Proſerpine is glad,
To ſee poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Through the world I wander night and day,
To find my ſtraggling ſenſes:
In angry mood I met old Time,
With his pentateuch of tenſes.

When me he ſpies away he flies,
For Time will ſtay for no man:
In vain with cries I rend the ſkies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,
Help! help! or elſe I die!
Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte Diana bends her bow,
And the boar begins to briſtle.

Come Vulcan, with tools and with tackle;
And knock off my troubleſome ſhackle;
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my ſenſes again.

Laſt

Laſt night I heard the dog ſtar bark;
Mars met Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
And furiouſly made at the god of war:
Mars with his weapon laid about;
Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
His broad horns did ſo hang in his light,
That he could not ſee to aim his blows aright.

Mercury the nimble poſt of heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the quarrel;
Barrel-belly'd Bacchus, giant-like,
Beſtrid a ſtrong beer barrel:
To me he drank whole butts,
Until he burſt his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor Tom is very dry,
A little drink for charity.

Hark! I her Acteon's hounds;
The huntſman whoop and hollow,
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman;
All the chace do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot;
But a cup of Malaga ſack,
Will fire the buſh at his back.

SONG,

Sung in Comus.

FLY ſwiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameleſs ſoft tranſports that beauty can give:
The

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And ſhe, in return, yield thee raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
Pow'r and grander inſipid, and riches a pain:
The moſt ſplendid palace grows dark as the grave:
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what
ye gave.

SONG.

As now my Bloom. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

AS now my bloom comes on a-pace,
The ſwains begin to teaze me,
But two who claim the foremoſt place,
Try different ways to pleaſe me;
To judge aright, and chuſe the beſt,
Is not ſo ſoon decided,
When both their merits are expreſs'd,
I may be leſs divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd ſtray,
He's rich beyond all meaſure,
Wou'd I but ſmile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treaſure;
But then our years ſo diſagree,
So much as I remember,
It is but May I'm ſure with me,
With him it is December.

Can

Can I who ſcarcely am in bloom,
Let froſt and ſnow be ſuing,
'Twould ſpoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin.
For dreſs and ſhew to touch my pride,
My little heart is panting,
But then ther's ſomething elſe beſide,
I ſoon ſhould find was wanting.

Then Colin thou my choice ſhalt gain,
For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,
And grey hair'd wealth ſhall plead in vain,
For thou haſt more to give me:
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks ſo young and tender:
Love beats his new and fond alarms,
To thee I now ſurrender.

SONG.

Sung in the Chaplet, *by Mr.* Vernon.

PUSH about the briſk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we ſit round on the graſs:
The lover, who talks of his ſuff'rings and ſmart,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs;
Deſerves, &c.

The wretch, who ſits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wiſhes to add to the maſs,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himſelf,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs:
Deſerves, &c.

The beau, who ſo ſmart with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glaſs,
And thinks with grimace to ſubdue all the fair,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs:

Deſerves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of *Cræſus* the wealth to ſurpaſs;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the aſs;

Claps the Horns, &c.

The lawyer ſo grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with braſs,
Tho' he talks to no purpoſe, he pockets your fee;
Then you, my good friend, are an aſs;

Then you, &c.

The formal phyſician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in this claſs;
The ſick man a while may confide in his ſkill,
But death proves the doctor an aſs;

But Death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and laſs;
For he who his pleaſures puts off for a day,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs;

Deſerves, &c.

SONG.

SONG,

Sung in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my *Damon*'s air!
Like ſunny beams his golden hair;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More ſweet his breath than flow'ry vales:
How hard ſuch beauties to reſign!
And yet that cruel taſk is mine.

How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream,
Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love;
I mourn, and *Damon* is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain,
But *Damon* there I ſeek in vain:

The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;
Groves, flocks, and fountains pleaſe no more!
Each flow'r in pity droops its head;
All nature does my loſs deplore,
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain,
Yet *Damon* ſtill I ſeek in vain;

All, all, &c.

SONG,

SONG.

Sung by Miſs Catley, *in* Comus.

THE wanton God, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine;
Roſy wine, roſy wine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I am ſcorn'd becauſe enjoy'd;
Sure the ſqueemiſh fops are free
To rid me of dull company;
Sure they're free, ſure they're free,
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilſt mine can pleaſe;
I love them much, but more my eaſe:
No jealous fears my love moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt;
Break my reſt, ſhall break my reſt;
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.

Why ſhould they ere give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain?
All I hope of mortal man
Is to love me while he can;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

SONG,

Sung in Comus.

WOULD you taſte the noon-tide air
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar bow,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you:
Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round:

Sultry, &c.

Round the languid herds and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks, ſleep;
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe,
The fair does all alone repoſe;
All alone; yet in her arms
Your breaſt ſhall beat to love's alarms,
Till bleſt, and bleſſing, you ſhall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

The joys, &c.

SONG.

NANNY bluſhes when I woo her,
And, with kindly chiding eyes,
Faintly ſays, I ſhall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! ſhe cries:
But her breaſts when I am preſſing,
When to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd, ſhe ſeems to take the bleſſing,
And her kiſſes anſwer mine.

SONG.

The CRYING *and* LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

WHEN I wake with painful brow,
Ere the cock begins to crow,
Toſſing, tumbling in my bed,
Aching heart, and aching head,
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel bailiffs, Taylor's Bills,
Fluſh and Pam thrown up at Loo,
When theſe ſorrows ſtrike my view,
I cry - - - - -
And to ſtop the guſhing tear,
Wipe it with the pillowbeer.

But when ſportive evening comes,
Routs, Ridottos, balls, and drums,
Caſinos here, Feſtinos there,
Mirth and paſtime ev'ry where.

Seated by a ſprightly laſs,
Smiling with the ſmiling glaſs;
When theſe pleaſures are my lot,
Taylors, Bailiffs all forgot,
I laugh,
Careleſs what may then befall,
Thus I ſhake my ſides at all.

Then again, when I peruſe,
O'er my tea the morning news,
Diſmal tales of plunder'd houſes,
Wanton wives and cuckold ſpouſes;

When I read of money lent,
At ſixteen and half per cent.
I cry, - - - -
But if e'er the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring, enters honeſt John,
" Sir, Miſs Lucy's at the door,
" Waiting in a chaiſe and four,
Inſtant vaniſh all my cares,
Swift I ſcamper down the ſtairs,
And laugh, - - - -
So may this indulgent throng,
Who now ſmiling grace my ſong,
Never more cry oh! oh! la!
But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

SONG.

The CRYING *and* LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, *at* Vauxhall.

WHEN the hated morning's light,
Peeping in, offends my ſight;
Toſſing to and fro in bed,
Aching heart, and aching head;
Counting o'er my various ills,
Fickle Lovers, Mercers Bills;
All the Sums I've loſt at Dice,
When theſe in my mind ariſe,
I cry, - - - -

But if 'tis Pantheon night,
Or that Ranelaugh invite,

Chicheratas

Chicheratas here, Macheratas there,
Or to Vauxhall, I repair;
If I meet my Lord Perfume,
Or dear Col'nel Thunder-Bumb;
When ſuch pleaſures are my lot,
Fickle lovers all forgot,
Dice and Mercers Bills forgot——
I laugh. - - - -

Then, if in the Morning Poſt,
I read reputations loſt,
Sly intrigues, and cuckold ſpouſes,
Great debates in both the houſes;
When I'm told that diſſipation,
Folly, lux'ry, rule the nation;
That the rich, the young and wiſe,
To true pleaſure ſhut their eyes;
I cry. - - - -

But, if ere my tears are gone,
Simp'ring, enters honeſt John,
"Ma'am, Sir Jehu's at the door,
"In his phæton and four:"
Inſtant all my ſorrows ceaſe,
Out I run, and take my place;
With ſuch joys the moments glide
By my dear Sir Jehu's ſides;
I laugh. - - - -

SONG.

Sung in Comus.

NOW *Phœbus* ſinketh in the weſt,
Welcome ſong, and welcome jeſt;

Midnight ſhouts and revelry,
Tipſy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine,
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with ſcrup'lous head;
Strict age, and ſour ſeverity,
With their grave ſaws in ſlumber lie;

With their, &c.

SONG.

RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon, *at* Ranelaugh.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtſhip's over,
Is ſhe then ſo much his care?

Warm as ſummer, his addreſſes,
Hope and ardour's in his eyes;
Cool as winter, his careſſes,
When ſhe yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face;
Half is love, the reſt is duty;
Pleaſure ſure is in the chace.

SONG.

SONG,

Sung by Hodge, *in* Love in a Village.

WELL, well, ſay no more;
So you told me before,
I know the full length of my tether.
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to ſchool,
I can ſpell you and put you together.

A word to the wiſe,
Will always ſuffice;
Adds ſniggers! go talk to your parrot,
I'm not ſuch an elf,
Thof I ſay't it myſelf,
But I know a ſheep's head from a carrot.

SONG,

Sung by Miſs Catley, *in* Love in a Village.

HOW much ſuperior beauty awes,
The coldeſt boſoms find;
But with reſiſtleſs force it draws,
To ſenſe and virtue join'd.
The caſket, where to outward ſhow,
The artiſt's hand is ſeen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a gem within.

SONG,

Sung in As you like it.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind;
Thou art not ſo unkind,
Thou art not ſo unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude,
Altho' &c.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh;
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the waters wrap:
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
As friends remember'd not,
As friends, &c.

SONG.

IN this ſhady bleſt retreat,
I've been wiſhing for my dear;
Hark! I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely charmer near.
'Tis the ſweet bewitching ſwain,
True to love's appointed hour:
Joy and peace now ſmile again.
Love I own thy mighty power.
[*Da Capo.*

SONG,

SONG,

Sung in The Maid of the Mill.

OH! what a ſimpleton was I
To make my bed at ſuch a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry.
Thy true love ſeeks another mate.
No tears, alack!
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue thro' ſpite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for ſure.

SONG.

Damon and *Florella*. *A* DIALOGUE.

Sung in the Sorcerer.

He. CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the ſportive lambkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the *May*:
Like the ſparrow and the dove,
Liſten to the voice of love.

She. *Damon*, thou haſt found me long
Liſt'ning to thy ſoothing tale,
And thy ſoft perſuaſive tongue
Often held me in the dale:

Take, oh! *Damon*, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's faireſt flow'r,
Nor the meads, where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy *Damon*'s eye,
If *Floretta* is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd;
Not the feather'd ſongſters all,
Nor the flute's melodious ſound,
Can delight *Floretta*'s ear,
If her *Damon* is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the cheerful ſeaſon gay,
Baniſh care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant *May*:
Like the ſparrow and the dove,
Liſten to the voice of love.

SONG,

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear,
In your holiday ſuits with your laſſes appear:
The happieſt of folks are the guiltleſs and free;
And who are ſo guiltleſs, ſo happy, as we?

We

We harbour no paſſions by luxury taught;
We practice no arts with hypocriſy traught:
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falſehood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and dreſs'd,
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are to low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet cheerfulneſs open your door;
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth combine
In *Chloe*'s face, in *Chloe*'s mind,
Why was I born ye gods to ſee
What robs me of my Liberty.

Until that fatal hapleſs day,
My heart was lively, blythe, and gay,
Cou'd ſport with every nymph but ſhe
Who robs me of my Liberty.

Think then, dear *Chloe*, ere too late,
That death muſt be my hapleſs fate,
If love and you do not agree
To ſet me at my Liberty.

Now to the darkſome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love:
And envy every clown I ſee
Enjoy the ſweets of Liberty.

Well follow *Hymen*'s happy train,
And every idle care diſdain;
We'll live in ſweet tranquility,
Nor wiſh for greater Liberty.

SONG.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant plains
With *Sally* can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the ſwains,
And rivals all the fair:
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
While ſummer ſeaſons roll;
But *Sally*'s ſmiles, can all the year,
Give pleaſure to the ſoul.

When from the eaſt the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her preſence bids the god of day
With emulation glow:
Freſh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds ſweet notes prepare;
The playful lambkins ſkip around,
And hail their ſiſter fair.

The

The lark but ſtrains his liquid throat
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks (while he ſwells his note)
The ſweetneſs of her voice:
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While *Flora* ſheds perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret ſeems to ſay,
I bud for *Sally* bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unſpotted fame,
Make vocal every vale:
The ſtream meand'ring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to *Sally*'s praiſe.

No more ſhall blitheſome laſs and ſwain
To mirthful wake reſort,
Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
Advance in rural ſport:
No more ſhall guſh the purling rill,
Nor muſic wake the grove,
Nor flocks look ſnow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

SONG,

Sung at Vauxhall.

SHepherds, would ye hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Sometimes laugh, and ſometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wiſh to gain;
Tho' we're ſhy, and ſeem to fly,
If you purſue, we fly in vain.

SONG,

Sung in Love in a Village.

SINCE *Hodge* proves ungrateful, no further I'll ſeek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week:
A ſervice in London is no ſuch diſgrace,
And Regiſter's Office will get me a place.

Bet Bloſſom went there, and ſoon met with a friend;
Folks ſay, in her ſilks ſhe's now ſtanding an end:
Then why ſhould not I the ſame maxim purſue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do?

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betſy is my charming bride,
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul.
Who ſo fair as lovely *Bet!*
Who ſo bleſs'd as *Colinet!*
Who ſo fair as lovely *Bet!*
Who ſo bleſs'd as *Colinet!* Now

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts;
Welcome *Hymen*'s laſting joys;
Liſping wanton girls and boys;
Girls as fair as lovely *Bet*,
Boys as ſweet as *Colinet*.

Tho' ripe ſheaves of yellow corn
Now my plenteous barn adorn;
Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
With the faireſt, ſweeteſt flow'rs;
Riper, fairer, ſweeter yet
Are the charms of lovely *Bet*.

Tho' on Sundays I was ſeen,
Dreſs'd like any May-day queen;
Tho' ſix ſweethearts daily ſtrove,
To deſerve thy *Betty*'s love,
Them I quit without regret,
All my joy's in *Colinet*.

Strike up then the ruſtic lay,
Crown with ſports our bridal day;
May each lad a miſtreſs find,
Like my *Betſy*, fair and kind;
And each laſs a huſband get,
Fond and true as *Colinet*.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;
May the ſun ne'er riſe or ſet,
But with joy to happy *Bet*,
And her faithful *Colinet*.

SONG,

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Reinhold, *in* Love in a Village.

ODONS! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a trifle like this;
What harm with the fair-one to toy and to kiſs?
The greateſt and graveſt (a truce with grimace)
Would do the ſame thing, were they in they ſame place.

No age, no profeſſion, no ſtation is free;
To ſovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, reſiſtleſs, no ſtrength can oppoſe;
We all love a pretty girl—under the roſe.

SONG,

Sung in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better,
Of my ſtubborn fate I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with ſcorn to meet her,
Every charm in thought I brave;
Then relapſing fly to meet her,
And confeſs myſelf her ſlave.

SONG,

SONG,

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

BEHOLD, from many a hoſtile ſhore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempeſts roar,
Your faithful *Tom*'s return'd again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from *Sally* ſhall depart.

After long toils and troubles paſt,
How ſweet to tread our native ſoil,
With conqueſt to return at laſt,
And deck our ſweethearts with the ſpoil,
No one to beauty ſhould pretend,
But ſuch as dare its rights defend.

SONG.

The Duſt-Cart, *A favourite* Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering Tom the ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his lovely Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt;
Tom with upliſted hands th' occaſion bleſs'd,
And thus in ſoothing ſtrains the maid addreſs'd.

AIR.

AIR.

O Sylvia! while you drive your carts,
To pick up duſt, you ſteel our hearts,
You take our duſt, and ſteal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the duſt with you.
And dwells among the duſt with you.

O lovely Sylvia! eaſe my pain,
Give me the heart you ſtole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you ſtole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her ſparkling eyes about:
She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt, as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain on little folks below;
To Tom ſhe nodded as the cart drove on,
And then (reſolv'd to ſpeak) ſhe cry'd, ſtop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry crowd oppreſs'd;
Ambition now my ſoul does fire,
The youths ſhall languiſh and admire;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride, in
my duſt-cart;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart.

SONG,

SONG,

Sung in the Devil to Pay.

YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her;
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

SONG.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot's, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drink a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell—

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-wov'n arbour, as gay as you please;
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd, full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,

A potter found out in a covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now ſacred to friendſhip to mirth and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely ſweet Nan of the vale——
Vale, ſweet Nan of the vale.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, *in* Thomas and Sally.

FROM plowing the ocean and thraſhing Monſieur,
In Old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave ſhipmates, hallow boys, what cheer,
For a ſailor that's juſt come on ſhore?

Theſe hectoring blades thought to ſcare us, no doubt,
And to cut us and ſlaſh us—Morblieu!
But hold there, avaſt! they were plaguely out,
We have ſlic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own conſequence know,
Yon invaders ſhall ſoon do you right;
The lion may rouſe, when he hears the cock crow,
But ſhould never be put in a fright.

You've only to ſhun your nonſenſical jars;
Your damn'd party and idle conteſt;
And let all your ſtrife be like us honeſt tars,
Who ſhall fight for his country the beſt.

A ſea-faring ſpark, if the maids can affect,
Bid the ſimpering gypſies look to't:
Sound bottoms they'll find us in every reſpect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landſmen, mayhap, in the way of diſcourſe,
Have more art to perſuade, and the like;
But 'were thoſe fair colours, for better for worſe,
Is the bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now long live the king, may he proſperous reign
Of no power, no faction afraid:
May *Britain*'s proud flag ſtill exult o'er the main,
At all points the compaſs diſplay'd.

No quickſands endanger, no ſtorm overwhelm;
Steady, ſteady and ſafe may ſhe ſail:
No ignorant pilots e'er ſit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.

SONG.

Puſh about the Jorum.

Sung by Miſs Catley, *in the* Golden Pippin.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gameorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is puſh about the jorum.

With

With fift on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or ſhew me that glibe ſpeaker,
Who her rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

SONG.

The Jolly Briton.

YE true honeſt *Britons*, who love your own land,
Whoſe ſires were ſo brave, ſo victorious, and free,
Who always beat *France* when they took her in hand,
Come join, honeſt *Britons* in chorus with me;
Come join, &c.

Let us ſing our own treaſures, *Old England*'s good cheer,
The profits and pleaſures of ſtout *Britiſh* beer;
You wine-tipling, dram-ſipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking *Britons* can never be beat.
Let us ſing, &c.

The *French* with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
They drink of the ſqueezing of half-ripen'd fruit;
But we that have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are roſy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us ſing, &c.

Should the *French* dare invade us thus arm'd with our poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern jaws ring;
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking *Britons* are souls,
Who will ſhed their laſt drop for their country and king.

Let us ſing, &c.

SONG.

A Dialogue after the Manner of Horace, *ſung by* True-Blue *and* Nancy *in* The Preſs-Gang.

Nancy.

AND can'ſt thou leave thy *Nancy*,
And quit thy native ſhore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

True-Blue.

Yes, I muſt leave my *Nancy*,
To humble haughty *Spain*,
Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

Nancy.

Amidſt the foaming billows,
When thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on theſe green willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on ſhore.

True-Blue.

True-Blue.

I fear not land or water,
I fear not ſwoard or fire,
For ſweet revenge, and ſlaughter,
Are all that I deſire.

Nancy.

May guardian Gods protect thee,
From water, fire, or ſteel,
And may no fears affect thee,
Like thoſe which now I feel.

True-Blue.

I leave to heaven's protection,
My life, my only dear;
You have my ſoul's affection,
So ſtill conclude me here.

SONG.

Advice to the Fair;

ſung by Mrs. Wrighten, *at* Vauxhall.

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
In the choice of a huſband, girls, be not too nice;
What with manning our ſhips, and protecting our ſhore,
You cannot have lovers as once—by the ſcore:

If you wiſh to be marry'd, your pride muſt come down,
What a ſmile can procure, do not loſe by a frown.

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,
When a legion of lovers I had in my train;
They were pleas'd with my ſing-ſong; I laugh'd at them all,
For one was too ſhort, and another too tall,
Or too plump, or too ſlender; too young, or too old;
As this was too baſhful, and that was too bold.

All you who're in bloom, and who *Hymen* implore,
Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,
Reſemble the willow; be gentle, and bend,
Take pains for a lover, as you would for a friend;
Look once at his perſon—but twice at his mind,
Take him ſoon at his word; tho' you bluſh, yet be kind.

Expect not a crowd of admirers to ſee,
Rich, handſome, and courtly, and all they ſhould be;
The times are ſo bad and ſo chang'd is our lot,
A man that's worth having is hard to be got;
Chooſe quick, or you'll rue it the reſt of your lives,
You may flouriſh as toaſts, but you'll never be wives.

SONG.

The Engliſh Padlock.

MISS *Dannæ*, when fair and young,
(As *Horace* has divinely ſung)

Could

Could not be kept from *Jove's* embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.

Tell us, myſterious huſband, tell us
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Can harſh reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make thee ſecure, thy wife leſs fair?

Send her abroad, and let her ſee
That all this world of pageantry,
Which ſhe, forbidden, longs to know
Is powder, pocket-glaſs, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your *Padlock*—on her mind.

SONG,

Sung in the Beggars Opera.

IF the heart of a man is depreſs'd with cares,
The miſt is diſpell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly,
Raiſes our ſpirits, and charms the ear;
Roſes and lilies her cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe lips are more ſweet than thoſe,
Preſs her,
Careſs her,
With bliſſes,
And kiſſes,
Diſſolves us in pleaſure, and ſoft repoſe.

M

SONG.

Valentine's-Day.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
And dew-drops gliſten'd on the thorn;
When ſkylarks tun'd their carrols ſweet,
To hail the God of light and heat;
Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair *Liſetta*'s chamber ſped,
Crying—Awake, ſweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.

Soft love, that balmy ſleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which (that a kiſs ſhe might obtain)
She artfully had clos'd again:
He ſunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like *Phœbus* into *Thetis*' lap,
And near forgot that his deſign,
Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, ſtarting, cry'd—I am undone,
Philander, charming youth, be gone!
For this time, to your vows ſincere,
Make virtue, not your love appear:
No ſleep has clos'd theſe watchful eyes
(Forgive the ſimple fond diſguiſe;)
To generous thoughts, your heart incline,
And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal paſſion ſudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in its ſtead,
And both agreed, ere ſetting ſun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one;

Their beauteous offspring ſoon did prove
The ſweet effects of mutual love;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bleſs'd the day of *Valentine*.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And *Celia* has undone me;
And yet, I ſwear, I can't tell how
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me:
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates,
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates,
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman:
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
In ſhort, 'tis that provoking charm,
In ſhort, 'tis that provoking charm,
Of *Celia* all together.

SONG,

SONG.

Cowden Knows. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed,
Sing their ſucceſsful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſick fills the groves:
But my lov'd ſong is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo fair a bloom,
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart:
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half ſuch art;
He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-ſide:
Oh! how I bleſt the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom,
Elſewhere there never grows.
Not Tiviot Braes ſo green and gay,
May with this Broom compare;
Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,
Nor buſh aboon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowden Knows,
My peaceful happy home;
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At eve among the broom:
Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows;
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

SONG,

Sung in Artaxerxes.

WATER parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile valley's glide.

Though, in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

SONG,

Written by the Earl of Cheſterfield.

WHEN *Fanny* blooming fair
Firſt caught my raviſh'd ſight,
Pleas'd with her ſhape and air;
I felt a ſtrange delight;

Whil

Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
  Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
  She ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
  Ten thouſand loves appear;
There Cupid baſking lies,
  His ſhafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
  With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
  Of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs
  The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all expreſs
  The beauteous Queen of Love.
What flames my nerves invade,
  When I behold the breaſt
Of that too charming maid
  Riſe, ſuing to be preſt?

Venus round *Fanny*'s waiſt,
  Has her own ceſtus bound,
Three guardian Cupids grace,
  And dance the circle round.
How happy muſt he be
  Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe!
That bliſs to all, but me,
  May heaven and ſhe refuſe!

SONG,

In *L'Allegro il Penſeroſo.*

LET me wander not unſeen,
By hedge row elms on hillocks green:
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid ſingeth blythe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe:
And ev'ry ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound,
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade.

SONG,

Strephon of the Hill.

LET others *Damon*'s praiſe rehearſe,
Or *Colin*'s at their will;
I mean to ſing, in ruſtic verſe,
Young *Strephon* of the Hill.

As once I ſat beneath the ſhade,
Beſide a purling rill;
Who ſhould my ſolitude invade,
But *Strephon* of the Hill.

He tapt my ſhoulder, ſnatch'd a kiſs;
I could not take it ill;
For nothing ſure is done amiſs
By *Strephon* of the Hill.

Conſent, O lovely maid! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy ſwain to kill;
Conſent this day to be the bride
Of *Strephon* of the Hill.

Obſerve the doves on yonder ſpray,
See how they ſit and bill;
So ſweet your time ſhall paſs away
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious ſtill!
May every nymph be bleſt, like me,
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

SONG.

NEAR the ſide of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill,
Freſh health blooms her ſtrong roſy hue o'er his face,
And honeſty gives e'en to aukwardneſs grace.

Beflour'd with his meal does he labour and ſing,
And regaling at night is as bleſt as a king:
After heartily eating, he takes a full ſwill
Of liquor home-brew'd, to ſucceſs of the mill.

He makes no nice ſcruples of toll for his trade,
For that's an exciſe to his induſtry paid:
His conſcience is free, and his income is clear,
And he values not them of ten thouſand a year;
He's a freehold ſufficient to give him a vote;
At election he ſcorns to accept of a groat;
He hates your proud placemen; and, do what they will;
They ne'er can ſeduce the ſtaunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and prieſt,
And hopes that our ſtateſmen do all for the beſt;
That the Spaniards ſhall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
Nor good Britiſh coin be in ſubſidies paid:
He fears the French navy and commerce increaſe,
And he wiſhes America ſtill may have peace:
Tho' Old England, he knows, may have ſtrength, and have ſkill,
To protect all her manors, and ſave his own mill.

With this honeſt hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is ſcanty he takes up his fork,
And over the meadows he ſcatters his hay,
Or with the ſtiff plough turns up furrows of clay:
His harveſt is crown'd with good Engliſh glee,
That his country may ever be happy and free:
With his hand and his heart to king George does he fill,
May all loyal ſouls act the man of the mill.

SONG.

SONG.

DELIA.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I wou'd approach but dare not move,
Tell me my heart if this be love.

When e'er ſhe ſpeaks my raviſh'd ear,
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve,
Tell me my heart if this be love.

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy I prove,
Tell me my heart if this be love.

When ſhe is abſent I no more,
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring or ſhady grove,
Tell me my heart if this be love.

When arm'd with inſolent diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove,
Tell me my heart if this be love.

SONG.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny liiting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou',

Dear ſhe loo'd the well known ſong,
While her Jonney, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praiſe the whole day long,
Down the bourne, &c.

Coſtly claiths ſhe had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great ſtore,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wiſely wiſh'd no more;
Love's the pearl, the ſhepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the ſhepherd's eyes.
Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae theſe impart;
Youthful Mary's greateſt wealth
Was ſtill her faithful Johnny's heart:
Sweet the joys the lovers find!
Great the treaſure, ſweet the pleaſure
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the bourne, &c.

SONG.

Tarry here with me and love.

STRAY not to thoſe diſtant ſcenes,
From thy comfort do not rove;
Tarry in thoſe peaceful glens,
Tread the quiet paths of love;
Is not this ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this peaceful ſhade,
Tarry here with me and love.

Liſten to the woodlark's note,
Liſten to the cooing dove;
Hark! the thruſhes mellow note,
All uniting carol love.
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding thro' the varied grove;
This is paſſions fairy ground,
Tarry here with me and love.

SONG.

THE SEA FIGHT.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be ſpoke,
Victory ſoon will crown the joke,
Be ſilent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and ſpunge them well,
Let us be ſure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar ſhall ſound their knell,
Be ſteady boys, be ſteady.

Not yet, nor yet—reſerve your fire,
I do deſire,
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods amaz'd behold the battle,
A broadſide my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd ſide,
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
Conquer boys or bravely die;
Hurl deſtruction on your foes,
She ſinks, huzza, to the bottom down ſhe goes.

SONG.

THE MARINERS.

WE be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the ſeas,
We ſpend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at eaſe,
Shall we go dance the round,
While others live at eaſe,
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for thoſe martial men,
That do our ſtates diſdain,
But we care for thoſe merchant-men,
That do our ſtates maintain,
To them we dance this round,
And he that is a bully gay,
Come pledge me on this ground.

SONG,

The Favourite Hunting Song,

Sung by Mr. Doyle, *in the* Medley, *or* Harlequin Every Where.

GIVE round the word diſmount, diſmount,
While echoed by the ſprightly horn;
The toils and pleaſures we recount,
Of this ſweet health inſpiring morn.

CHORUS.

CORUS.

'Twas glorious ſport, none e'en did lag,
Nor drew amiſs, nor made a ſtand;
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had *Actæon* been the ſtag.
And we had hunted by command,
Of the goddeſs of the chace,
And we had hunted by command,
Of the goddeſs of the chace.

The hounds were out and ſnuffed the air,
And ſcarce had reach'd the appointed ſpot;
But pleaſed they heard a layer, a layer,
And preſently drew on the ſlot.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
And echo note for note repeats,
While ſprightly horns reſound a call.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

And now the ſtag has loſt his pace,
And while war-haunch the huntſman cries;
His boſom ſwells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he ſtruggles, and he dies.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

SONG.

MY *Colin* leaves fair London town,
Its pomp and pride, and noiſe;
With eager haſte he hies him down,
To taſte of rural joys.
To taſte of rural joys.

Soon

Soon as the blytheſome ſwain's in ſight,
My heart is mad with glee;
I never know ſuch true delight,
As when he comes to me.
As when he comes to me.

How ſweet with him all day to rove,
And range the meadows wide;
Nor yet leſs ſweet the moon-light grove,
All by the river's ſide:
The gaudy ſeaſons paſs away,
How ſwift when *Colin*'s by!
How quickly glides the flow'ry May!
How faſt the ſummers fly!

When *Colin* comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears,
He tends the flock like other ſwains,
A ſhepherd quite appears.
All in the verdant month of May,
A ruſtic rake his pride,
He helps to make the new mown hay,
With *Moggy* by his ſide.

'Gainſt yellow autumn's milder reign,
His ſickle he prepares,
He reaps the harveſt on the plain,
All pleas'd with rural cares.
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny ſwains a ſcore.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
If *Colin* is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale,
For me are muckle cheer.

The folks who chuſe in towns to dwell,
Are from my envy free,
For *Moggy* loves the plains too well,
And *Colin*'s all to me.

SONG.

BONNY JAMIE O.

WHERE new mown hay on winding tay,
The ſweets of ſpring diſcloſes,
As I one morning ſinging lay,
Upon a bank of roſes;
Young *Jamie* whiſking o'er the mead,
By gued luk chanc'd to ſpy me,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.
My bonny, bonny *Jamie* O,
My bonny, bonny *Jamie* O,
I care not tho' the world ſhould know,
How dearly I love *Jamie* O.

The ſwain tho' I right meickle prize,
Yet now I wad na ken him;
But with a frown my heart diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And at my feet down lying;
His beating heart it thumpt ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.
My bonny bonny *Jamie* O, &c.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning;
I after roughly ſhot him by,
With words ſow of diſdaining:
He ſeized my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chiding a my pride;
So ſweetly did the ſhepherd woo,
I bluſhing vow'd to be his bride.
My bonny bonny *Jamie* O, &c.

SONG.

Bacchanalian Joys Defeated.

WHILE I'am at the tavern quaffing,
Well diſpoſed for t'other quart;
Come's my wife to ſpoil my laughing,
Telling me 'tis time to part;
Words I knew were unavailing,
Yet I ſternly anſwer'd no!
'Till from motives more prevaling,
Sitting down ſhe treads my toe.

Such kind tokens to my thinking,
Moſt emphatically prove;
That the joys, which flow from drinking,
Are averſe to thoſe of love;
Farewell friends, and t'other bottle,
Since I can no longer ſtay;
Love, more learn'd than *Ariſtotle*,
Has to move me found the way.

SONG.

NEVER till now I knew love's ſmart,
Gueſs who it was that ſtole away my heart,
'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.
'Twas only you, &c.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has paſs'd each anxious hour,
If not with you, if you'll believe me.
If not with you, &c.

Honor and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy, tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone I'd wiſh to ſtay,
For you alone, if you'll believe me,
For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I am laid,
Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
That's only you, if you'll believe me.
That's only you, &c.

SONG.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boaſt my country's charter;
I'll never baſely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter:

The

The noble mind is not at all,
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perſuaided,
Each free born Briton's ſong ſhould be,
Or give me death, or liberty,
Or give me death, &c.

Tho' ſmall the pow'r, which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us;
The lordly hireling often wants,
That freedom which defends us:
By law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our houſe is our caſtellum;
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell them.
No, ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhould be,
Give me death, or liberty,
Give me death, &c.

SONG.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

OWE ſail'd to Virginia, and thence to New-York,
Where we water'd our ſhipping, and ſo weigh'd then all,
Full in view on the ſeas, ſeven ſail we did 'ſpy,
O we manned our capſtern, and weigh'd ſpeedily.

The firſt two we came up with, were brigantine ſloops,
We aſk'd if the other five, were as big as they look'd,

But

But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,
We found they were french men of war cruizing hard by.

We took our leave of them, and made quick diſpatch,
And we ſteer'd our courſe to the iſland of Vache,
But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,
On the fourteenth of Auguſt, ten ſail we did 'ſpy.

They hoiſted their pendants, and their colours they ſpread,
And they hoiſted their bloody flag, on the main topmaſt head,
Then we hoiſted our jack flag, at the mizen peak,
So brought up our ſquardon, in a line moſt compleat.

O we drew up our ſquadron, in a very nice line,
And fought them courageous, for four hours time;
But the day being ſpent boys and night coming on,
We let them alone, till the very next morn.

The very next morning, the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral *Benbow* received a chain ſhot;
O when he was wounded, to his men he did ſay,
Take me up in your arms boys, and carry me away.

O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
While brave Admiral *Benbow*, for help loud did cry,
Carry me to the cockpit, and ſoon eaſe my ſmart,
If my men they ſhould ſee me, 'twill ſure break their heart.

And there Captain *Kirby*, prov'd a coward at laſt,
And with *Wade* played at bopeep, behind the main maſt,
And there they did ſtand boys, and quiver, and ſhake,
For fear that thoſe french dogs, their lives they ſhould take.

The very next morning, at break of the day,
We hoiſted our topſails, and ſo bore away,
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flock'd much,
To ſee Admiral *Benbow*, carried to Kingſton Town church.

Come all ye brave fellows, where ever you have been,
Let us drink a health to great George our King,
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of Admiral *Benbow*.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Dodd, *in* Selima *and* Azor.

THESE Spirits they'd make us to fear,
Are generous, harmleſs and gay,
And they give us ſuch excellent cheer,
I'd viſit them every day.
For I like their treat,
Their wine, their meat,
And I'm merry and blithe as they.
I'm merry, &c.

Tho' I can't like a nightingale ſing,
For once turn your ears to a jay;
For if wine will make winter like ſpring,
Why not make me warble, I pray,
For I like your treat,
Your wine, your meat,
And I'm merry, and blithe, and gay.

Good ſpirits, pray hear, if you're nigh,
Bring back the ſweet time of May,
When bonny brown *Ellin* and I,
Lov'd long as the ſun hid his ray.
For I like your treat,
Your wine, your meat,
And I'm frolickſome, blithe, and gay.

S O N G,

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, *in* Selima *and* Azor.

NO flower that blows, is like this roſe,
Or ſcatters ſuch perfume;
Upon my breaſt, ah gently reſt,
And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleaſing, pleaſing gift thou art;
Come, ſweeteſt flow'r, and from this hour,
Live henceforth in my heart.

SONG,

SONG,

December is the Month.

DECEMBER is the month,
When Britiſh brains are addled,
The morning's wet and dirty,
So get the cattle ſaddled,
For a hunting we will go,
Will go, will go, will go,
For, &c.

What pleaſure is ſo excellent,
As whip and cut and ſpur,
What muſic can compare,
To the yelping of a cur,
When a hunting, &c.

Acteon was a hunter bold,
Wore horns upon his pate,
But we will take our wives with us,
And ſo avoid his fate,
When a hunting, &c.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carcaſe chance to ſtick in,
We're champions all and fight the cauſe,
Of gander, gooſe, and chicken,
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace,
Should coſt a man his breath,
We're all militia captains now,
And who's afraid of death,
When a hunting, &c.

Then

Then ſhould we break ſly Reynard's neck,
In paſtime e'nt it merit;
And if perchance we break our own,
Why damme e'nt it ſpirit,
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Quiſt won't quit his bed,
For ſports ſo blith and bonny,
We'll ſwear he hates fatigue and dirt,
And call him Maccaroni,
When a hunting, &c.

Abuſe him for his want of taſte,
Since nothing ſo bewitches,
Like ſpending all the winter long,
In boots and leather breeches,
When a hunting, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *Mrs.* Baddeley, *&c. in* Selima *and* Azor.

THE little bark by tempeſt toſt,
With joy regains the ſhore,
So we by ſorrows almoſt loſt,
Enjoys this calm no more.

Misfortune hence, with all thy train,
Of cares and jealouſies, and pain;
Henceforth the pureſt joys we'll prove,
Springing from virtue, truth and love.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, *in* Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart, it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd,
In vain againſt merit and *Cymon* I ſtrove,
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

The froſt nips the bud, and the roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſt nipt, no raptures can flow,
Elyſium to him, but a deſert will prove,
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

The ſpring ſhou'd be warm, the young ſeaſon be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets, make blithſome ſweet May;
Love bleſſes the cottage, and ſings thro' the grove,
What's life without poſſion, ſweet paſſion of love.

SONG,

Sung in the Royal Shepherd.

VOWS of love ſhould ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They muſt have a ſavage mind,
Who refuſe the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from conſtancy do ſwerve;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All ſuch faithleſs ſwains to ſerve.

FINIS.